

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BELLS.

BY MARY FENICHAU.

How varied thy language, thou many-toned bell!
Thy melody floats as a magical spell,
In sweet soothing measure, at morn's early dawn,
Ere Sol's golden radiance illumines the lawn.

At eve, too, when darkness has mantled the earth,
When all care is forgotten, and friends meet in mirth,
When bird, bee and floweret are seeking repose,
And the honey-dewed goddess is bathing the rose.

Still dearer thy tones on a calm Sabbath morn,
When from soft flowing symphony echoes are borne;
A signal to call from false pleasures away:
Obey the great mandate, keep holy the day.

Thy deep, thrilling tones send a pang to the heart,
When the sad summons comes from a loved friend to part;
And the slow tolling bell, and its faint echoes say,
All that is earthly is passing away!

And the wind-rocked bell on the mountain wave,
Chants a solemn dirge o'er a watery grave,
Where a stately ship was tempest-tossed,
And father, brother and friend were lost.

O, I love that bell!—it speaks to my heart,
And causes the tear of sorrow to start;
It awakens the bliss of other days,
And a tribute to past affection pays.

Dearer than all are the Christmas chimes!
They're welcomed and hallowed in other climes;
They proclaim the dawn of a Saviour's birth,
Auspicious day to this darksome earth.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE ROBBERY OF PLATE.
A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

SOME years ago I was travelling from Amboy to New York—it was a cold, blustering November day. I had gone into the ladies' cabin on board the John Potter, and was settled near the stove among the pile of soft velvet cushions, before I discovered a figure directly opposite to me on the other side. His great coat was buttoned up to the neck, around which a heavy muffler was wound. Upon his head a heavy fur cap rested, from beneath the rim of which a pair of sharp, ferret-like eyes glowed on me, appearing to take in my whole character, history and business at a single glance. The man's features seemed familiar to me, and I soon recognized him as a noted detective officer, who lived in Philadelphia. He had succeeded some two years before in bringing some famous counter-

feiters to justice, one of whom selected me as his counsel. They were tried at Trenton, New Jersey, and I recollected this man's puzzling, sharp answers to me as I cross-examined him, and through his instrumentality he was convicted. I addressed him by name, and after we had talked over this trial, some desultory conversation ensued, when I remarked to him:

"Benson, I suppose you have had many strange adventures in your life, which must be one of excitement, and where success is only obtained through the possession of such rare qualities as prudence, foresight, calmness and courage."

"Yes, yes, many strange scenes do I pass through, but about the queerest case happened about a year ago in Philadelphia, and the principal actor is now serving out a term in the State's Prison."

"Do narrate it, Mr. Benson." And the little, strongly knit man undid the muffler from about his throat and said:

"I was sitting in the office of our chief about nine o'clock in the morning—let me see, it was much such a day as this—raw, and damp, and blustering. I was tucked up near the stove, thinking over an arrest I had made the night before, way out towards Doylestown. And an ugly ride I had of it too, over the hard roads with my man, in a wagon without springs, clear into town—but I thought no matter, there he is in the corner; I will get a snug reward, and perhaps be promoted to the 'bank' business—for in our corps that pays the best (I mean tracing bank robbers, defaulters, and such like big villains.) Well, I was thinking of all this medley, and I believe I was almost half asleep, too, for I hadn't got in till two o'clock that morning—when in comes to the office a fussy, bustling old gent, in a great flutter.

"'I want to see the Chief of Police,' said he, as soon as he could get his breath. I pointed to a back room, and he had a long conference with Captain B—, our chief. At last, the captain came to the door, and said he:

"'Jerry, go along with this gentleman. He will tell you what is the matter as you accompany him—'

"'But there ought to be a reward,' blustered the old man.

"'Not at all,' said Captain B—, calmly. 'You would only give them a better chance, and you will never recover your silver, for they would melt it up at once. Trust to Mr. Benson, he will do all that is necessary.'

"So I went along with the old gentleman, whose name I learned was James B. Castor.

He lived in a fine house in Vine Street, and from what I learned afterwards was quite rich. The night before he had been robbed of nearly a thousand dollars worth of jewelry and silver plate.

"We soon arrived at his house, and we proceeded immediately to the room where the robbery had been committed. It was a large and sumptuously furnished chamber in the back building of the third story. It appears that Mr. Castor had retired to bed with his wife upon the previous night, after his usual custom of looking at all the fastenings, and examining if the silver plate—of which he possessed many massive old family pieces—was in its usual place in the strong mahogany, buckskin-lined box, beneath his bed. And when he arose in the morning, the doors and windows were all fastened as he had left them the night before, except the door which led out upon the 'flats' upon the roof behind, which was principally used for drying clothes, and no possible communication could have been had with that from the street. But the mahogany box was completely emptied of its contents. While I was conducting this examination, Mr. Castor's wife came into the room, and I was surprised to see her a young, handsome-looking woman—yes, sir, I suppose thirty years younger than her husband—and she added to her husband's information, 'that within this box, and among the stolen valuables, were two splendid bracelets of hers.'

"'But, dear,' said she, speaking to her husband, 'was it not fortunate I did not put my diamond armlets, necklace and ear rings into the box? I carelessly had them locked in the bureau.'

"'Do you usually keep them in the box?' I asked her.

"'Yes; but I had been to a wedding reception in the afternoon, and had returned home fatigued, placed them carelessly in the drawer, and had forgotten them,' was the reply.

"I was busy noting everything—the exit and entrances; the windows, doors, etc., while the old gentleman was speculating how the robbery might have been accomplished. But the strangest thing of all, he had slept with the key of the box under his pillow, and it was found there in the morning. Every possible way for the escape of the robber or robbers was suggested. At last, I said:

"'They may have got on this roof in some way,'—and I pointed to the 'flats,'—'this is the only unfastened door—and made their escape in the same manner.'

"'O no, that is not possible,' said Mrs. Castor, coming forward to where we stood.

"'Why not, madam?' I asked, abruptly. I thought she was frightened at my manner, but she replied:

"'O I don't know, but I should think so.'

"I soon after left the house, to make out my plan of operations, and you will see, sir, that the reason why detectives are often wonderfully successful in the detection of crime is, *that they take notice of the smallest things*, which in many cases give a faint clue, which judiciously followed up leads to success. My clue in this instance was the wife of Mr. Castor changing color so quickly, and her embarrassment when I spoke of the roof as a means of escape. And that instant I made up my mind that she was somehow connected with the robbery, and I determined to develop it further.

"I commenced by making quiet inquiries in regard to the antecedents of Mrs. Castor. I found she had been a seamstress in the family, in the employ of Mr. Castor's late wife, who had died some five years before, and that she became Mr. Castor's wife about two years after that event. Her character was unimpeached previously, and although many rude people said she 'married old Castor for his money,' none ever traduced her character, and she moved in a very good circle of society, and although the knowledge of these facts would satisfy the world, a detective policeman is a good deal more inquiring and incredulous. However, I proceeded as usual, allowing no hints to be dropped of my plans or suspicions, and I pretty soon after made up my mind that the two old servants were perfectly innocent in the whole matter. So I was perplexed, I assure you, to know how to go to work, but I and my 'shadows' soon commenced earnestly working up the case, the game began to move, and we awaited the moment the birds should rise from cover, with our fingers already placed upon the triggers of our weapons.

"On the evening of the third day after the robbery, I was about relieving my partner from his watch, which had been kept from a restaurant a few doors below their house, on the opposite side of the way, when we saw a female figure emerge from Castor's house, shut the door softly, look up and down the street quickly, then start out on a brisk walk toward Thirteenth Street. She was wrapped up very warmly, and had a double veil over her face. It did not need me to look twice at the figure to recognize it as Mrs. Castor, and soon saw that she was afraid of being followed, for she looked around nervously right and left several times. She passed down Thirteenth to Chestnut, down Chestnut to Eighth, always selecting the crowded thoroughfares, go-

ing into stores every once in a while, and then dodging out again. When I saw these actions, I was certain I was on the right scent, for it is an old dodge with females when they fear they are followed, to practise going into a great many stores, merely pricing an article, then coming quickly out again and mingling with the moving crowd.

"Well, after a while she retraced her steps again, going into Chestnut, up Thirteenth to Race, then out into Broad, then we followed her past Vine Street, till she came to a little street above the latter, and running parallel with it, which was noted for its dens of wretchedness, and of being the abode of many pickpockets and thieves. She continued down this street—I believe they call it Wood Street now—and proceeding a short distance, knocked at the door of a house. We now bustled by her, as it was getting quite dark, and heard the knocking reverberate through the house as though it was empty of furniture, and we had not proceeded many paces before the figure vanished from the doorway, and entered the house.

"George Corson (the partner of mine) and I retraced our steps to the building and looked for some way of entrance. There was a narrow alley-way which we entered, and found the gate unfastened, and a back window looking into the patch of yard was open. We crept quietly up to this and listened. All was still, and we saw the room was empty. We leaped quietly into the house and groped our way up stairs. We had reached the second story, when we heard for the first time voices up stairs, and softly as cats we still pushed on. The quiet was so profound we could hear each other's breathing, and almost the beating of our hearts. We grasped our revolvers, for we did not know how soon we would burst upon perhaps a gang of desperate scoundrels.

"Now the voices were plainly heard, they were only those of a man and woman, and every word they uttered was distinctly audible. We were now in rather a wide entry, and we crouched down near what appeared to be a pile of rubbish. We could listen to what was said, and if necessary to our plans, would allow the twain to pass us in going down stairs, but if discovered, we would spring up and arrest them both. The woman was talking in a troubled voice:

"'Indeed, I cannot do so,' she said. 'You promised if I got the silver to you, that you would leave the country, and never come near me again.'

"'Yes, confound you!' a gruff, thick voice answered—and I supposed from the utterance

the fellow had been drinking—'and now that such a cursed fuss has been kicked up about it, the beaks are almost about my heels, I can't use the stuff, and I tell you once for all, that I must have the money-box that you say is hidden in the stone shelf.'

"'O spare me, Jack—spare me!' was returned in the other's sobbing voice. 'I will give you all my diamonds, but we shall surely be discovered if I attempt to take the box—'

"'Stop your snivelling! I say I must have the box, or I will blow you so that you will have to acknowledge your real husband, anyhow—but aid me in this, and I will leave you and this infernal country forever,' said the man, in a blustering, threatening voice.

"There was a great deal more bullying and coaxing, interrupted by sobs and prayers, and then the woman yielded, and we heard the plan formed for a more extensive robbery than before. At last the conference ended, and they both came out of the room—the woman sobbing and trembling, and her companion telling her in rude terms to make less noise. We heard the front door close, and then the man came up stairs again, seemed to fumble around in the dark in the next room—afraid, we supposed, to strike a light, because the house was supposed to be vacant. He then went down again, and we heard him go out, relieving us thus from our unpleasant positions.

"We went into the next room, struck a match and lit the small bull's-eye which Corson always carries with him, and hunted around for some of the evidences of the late robbery. But all of no avail till I thought of the chimney. Upon removing the board and examining, we found a sack suspended some four feet up the chimney, and after we had pulled it down, it was found to contain almost entire the stolen property—thrown in carelessly with a 'jimmy,' a bunch of false keys, and other burglarious implements. We replaced it where we found it, afterwards setting a watch on the premises. But we had made a discovery which was valuable, and when we looked out from the window of the room where we were, we found that this back part of the house was directly opposite to the rear of Cas-tor's house on Vine Street, and as we peered out in the darkness, the 'flats' of the latter house could be distinctly seen, and was not more than twelve or fourteen feet distant, and it was more than likely that the burglar had climbed the intervening fence, and propping up the old boards which were lying in the yard against the house, had thus got to the porch at the second story, then, by the aid of the columns had reached the

roof above, upon which the door of the Castors' chamber, already described, opened—and by the expressions of the ruffian, which we had heard, we judged that the woman who was now Mrs. Castor, had been the wife of that villain who was now playing upon her fears, and threatening exposure, thus exacting 'black mail,' the payment of which the unhappy victim could not deny. We were now enabled to form our plans, so as to fix the traps for the detection of this rogue.

"The next day I had an interview with Mr. Castor, and although not betraying to him in the least our plans and suspicions, lest he should thwart them by his precipitancy, we gave him to understand that there was a traitor in his house, and received from him a *carte blanche* to act as we pleased.

"About a week after the meeting of Mrs. Castor with the man, at the house in Wood Street, at nine o'clock in the evening, George Corson and I were admitted into the house in Vine Street, quietly, at the front door, by James B. Castor himself. We immediately slipped up stairs and took our positions in a sort of lumber room situated behind the old gentleman's chamber, and looking out upon the flats. This position was one of double value to us, for, by leaving a chink in the door open, we could glance sideways in Castor's sleeping-room, and see all that was going on there.

"After the clock on the old State House struck eleven, Mr. Castor and his wife came up to their chamber to retire. We could see the old gentleman was nervous and excited, and his wife was fearfully pale, seeming to start at every sound, and I thought to myself what cowards guilt makes of people. The old man was continually looking around, as if to hear a noise at any moment, and as though he had not full confidence in the vigilance of those who should be watching. And when he put his watch away, instead of putting it beneath his pillow, he thrust it quickly and slyly between the mattress and sacking. A few moments afterwards the twain were in bed, after Mrs. Castor had lit the little night-lamp and laid it upon the floor. In a short time longer we heard the heavy snore of the old man—we knew it was affected, but his companion by his side did not. It was hard work for us, keeping in one position for over two hours, and in the silence we were almost afraid of our breathing being heard. Twelve o'clock was pealed forth by the iron tongue of the State House bell, and rang sharply upon the still night, but old Castor slept on undisturbed, and the moment its tones had ceased, Mrs. Castor slipped quietly out of bed, making no noise, and ap-

proaching the door which led out upon the flats, waved the little night lamp once, twice, three times—the last time a gust of wind nearly extinguishing its flame. She closed the door softly, glancing quickly around where her husband lay. His breathing had become hard and labored. She took it as an index of sounder sleep, but we, the excited watchers, knew it was his fearful state of mind, as the truth gradually came to him that his wife was about to be proved a shameful deceiver.

"We knew the moment had nearly arrived for action; we felt to see if our arms were all right, and that the iron wristbands were convenient, and then watched on. You may well say, sir, ours is an exciting life, full of peril and adventure. And you can well imagine this—if you had been placed in our positions, watching that woman steal slyly up to the bedside of old Castor, and take a small bunch of keys from beneath his head, and then softly approach a closet with a heavy door, which seemed set in the wall, opening this carefully, then unlocking an inner door of thin sheet iron, which creaked slightly on its rusty hinges. Then to see her start back and gaze towards the bed, and observing the old man still motionless, resume her task by unlocking what appeared to be a sort of fire and thief safe, and taking therefrom a heavy box which she set down upon the floor—yes, sir, if you had been watching all this, as we were from our concealment, you would have been no less excited.

"Then we observed a slight noise in the direction of the roof, and we could just observe by staring into the darkness, a head appear above the edge. Then higher and higher it came, seeming to be forcing itself up by sheer strength—then a pair of arms, then the body, and at last all these stood upon the legs belonging to them, and the said legs upon old Castor's roof. One watched the tiptoeing roof-walker, advancing softly as a panther to the chamber door, and the other, the woman within the chamber, trembling, tottering towards the door with the stolen box; and a glance at the bed convinced us that it was only by a superhuman effort of the will, that Castor remained quiet, as he saw the full guilt of her he had called wife.

"In another moment the door was pushed partly open by the robber outside, so that he could meet the woman and receive the box—when Corson and I rushed forth upon the man. Corson caught him by the throat with an iron grip, but the fellow with a curse threw him off, as a startled bull dog would a snarling puppy. And no sooner was the act performed, than quick as lightning he pulled from his waist a heavy pistol,

and crying, 'You fiend, you have betrayed me!' he pointed it at the woman and fired, and would certainly have murdered her, but she had, the instant before he pulled the trigger, fallen to the floor in a deadly swoon, and the ball went crashing into the headboard of the bed, cracking it through and through, and in another instant we had thrown ourselves upon him, and bore him to the floor, while I quickly fastened the 'darbies' upon his wrists, and while he lay floundering and cursing, we stepped to the side of the woman. She was lying apparently dead, her flowing black hair falling around her shoulders and lying in a heavy mass down her pure white night-dress. Old Castor immediately upon the opening of the door, had jumped out of bed, seized a strong cudgel by his bedside, and after we had the villain handcuffed, and before we could prevent him, dealt the scoundrel a stunning blow over the head. He capered around in a perfect fury, and prayed that 'God would not let that woman live.'

"Well, we soon had the robber, who was recognized as the notorious villain, Jack Masters, conveyed him to the station-house, and his whole history came out. He had been the husband of Mrs. Castor, and had left her many years before in poverty, when he wandered off to California. She had obtained the situation in Castor's family, finally marrying him, when her former worthless husband returned, and commenced his persecutions and threats of exposure, which led her to become his accomplice to save herself from his wrath. But, poor thing, she died before her husband was tried, awaking from that swoon, only to be attacked with brain fever, from which she never recovered. Masters is now, sir, in the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, serving out a sentence of nine years and—"

Jerk—bump goes the boat. Bump—creak again—then she labors hard—creak—and she's fast. A thousand voices are heard, myriad faces are upturned—nothing is noticeable but whole lines of arms, with waving whips, and no sounds salute our ears except—"Astor?" "American?" "Ride up?" "Ride up?" "Here's for the Howard, right off!" "St. Nicholas?" "Have a cab, sir?"

"Why, we are at the Battery already. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Benson, for your very entertaining adventure."

NO MORE.

O, sad no more! O, sweet no more!
O, strange no more!
By a mossed brook bank, on a stone,
I smelt a wild-weed flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely, all pleasant things had gone before,
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee.
No more!—TENNYSON.

IS THE WORLD A MISTAKE?

One of the saddest mistakes which good people have made, is in supposing the world to be a mistake. To these people—and their number is not small—the earth is but a theatre of pain and sickness, sorrow and death. Joy is illusive, pleasure a cheat, laughter a mockery, and happiness a thing impossible, and not even to be looked for on this side the grave. The performance of all duty is the "taking up" of what they call "a cross." They are actually afraid to be happy, under an overshadowing impression that they have no right to be happy in this life. They believe there is something intrinsically bad in the world we inhabit, and all the joy that proceeds from it. They have an idea that the moral evil which afflicts the human race has struck in. All the sufferings of the brute creation—the throes of labor, and sickness of body and pain of death—are so many voices proclaiming the fatal failure of Adam. Human nature itself is an awful thing. God is a great lawgiver, an inexorable avenger, an awful judge, a being to be feared more than loved. Life is a trial—severe, unrelenting, perpetual. All that seems good and graceful and glorious in the world is a hollow sham, for the deception of the unwary and the ruin of the unwise.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

A MOTHER'S FEELINGS.

Mrs. Neill, of Barnwell, mother of the late General Neill, in acknowledging the receipt of a letter conveying to her, from the meeting at the inauguration of the statue at Ayr of her son, General Neill, their deep sympathy in her grief for the loss of her son, Colonel John Martin Bladen Neill, Deputy Adjutant-General of Victoria, killed by a fall from his horse, says: "God knows, I require something to alleviate the bitterness of my grief; and if universal sympathy could bring comfort, I indeed have received a large share from far and wide, and it does help to support me. Still I am now without a son! Three now lie in different far-off lands, beyond the reach of kindred ties—all remarkable for talents of no ordinary type, and following up with energy the duties of their profession—and all gone down to the grave in the very midst of their usefulness, in their well-earned positions; but it was God's will, and who shall dare to arraign it?"

THE WORKING MEN.

"The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and the great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

Beware of an itching tongue and itching ears; that is, do not detract from others, nor hearken to them that do so.

[ORIGINAL.]

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

BY STIRIL PARK.

When the days were full of sunshine—
Golden sunshine warm and bright;
When the apple-trees were laden
With their blossoms pink and white,
And the buttercups and daisies
Fringed our meadow paths with light;

When the hills were bloom-empurpled
By the sunny skies of May,
And the air was blithe with music
Of the songbirds on each spray
From the crimson glow of morning
Till the evening's dusky gray;

Then there came the sweetest vision
Of a maiden wondrous fair,
With a crown of starry blossoms
Woven mid her golden hair;
And I loved her—loved her dearly—
Darling white-browed Mabel Clare.

Oh beneath the trailing willows,
Where the sunbeams crept like gold,
I have sung for her sweet ballads—
Loving ballads quaint and old;
Wove for her the strangest legends
Poet-lips had ever told.

Now the winds of chill November
Wall across the lonely plain,
But she never comes, nor answers,
When I fondly call her name;
For the yellow leaves are dropping
On her grave like autumn rain.

Yet sometimes amid the gloaming
Of these dreamy purple eves,
I have caught the passing echo
Of light footsteps 'neath the trees,
When I knew 'twas not the water,
Or the rustle of the leaves.

[ORIGINAL.]

LUDOVICO THE MOOR.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

EVERYBODY in the city seemed rushing towards one spot, one centre of attraction, the cathedral of Milan. Everybody seemed happy, expectant. In the magnificent cathedral was to be solemnized that day the marriage between Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and Isabella, granddaughter of the King of Naples. Very little had been heard concerning the bride; her beauty had not been extolled and commented upon as is often the case, and besides the interest always felt upon such an occasion, was the desire to see if Isabella of Naples was beautiful. The young

Duke of Milan was brave, handsome and manly, a model of virtue, totally unlike his father, who was sensual, tyrannical and weak-minded. Giovanni was loved by all his friends, and adored by the people—he was the pet of the Milanese. Always ready to listen to the troubles of the people, he did not remain a mere passive listener, but set about to redress the wrongs as far as lay in his power. Whoever applied to him was sure to obtain justice, and speedily, too, for the duke held to the opinion that tardy justice was oftener worse than a sudden wrong. Thus, on the day in question, Giovanni Galeazzo's wedding day, the people rejoiced with one accord. All the streets through which the marriage procession was to pass were decorated with flags, ribbons and garlands, while the pavements were strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs.

The hour arrived, and with it the marriage procession. At the vast portal of the church it was met by a number of young girls, the fairest in Milan, bearing beautiful flowers and wreaths, which they threw in the pathway of the bridal pair; over the steps, up the broad nave, even to the foot of the holy altar, the maidens spread the choicest, fragrant flowers, then stood on each side eager to watch the bride. Almost an audible exclamation of delight ran through the crowd, as, robed in white satin, shrouded in the richest lace, and resplendent with diamonds, leaning on the arm of Giovanna Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, came Isabella of Naples. The people rejoiced, and almost worshipped the bride, for she was as beautiful as an angel—few people had more than dreamed of such exquisite beauty. All the court, all the relations were there, save one, the uncle of the duke, Ludovico the Moor (*il Moro*). The marriage ceremony being completed, the bridal train turned, and proceeded to the palace of the duke, where was prepared a sumptuous feast. At the gate of the palace they were met by Ludovico.

"I regret, my dear nephew, that I was unavoidably prevented from being present at your marriage. I now welcome you with a blessing, and pray that upon entering this palace, she may lay aside her veil, that I may behold the beauty which the people are raving about."

At these words Isabella shrunk a little, but she in courtesy drew aside the veil which she had drawn over her features upon leaving the cathedral, and displayed to the bold gaze of Ludovico her exquisite loveliness.

"Blessed mother!" exclaimed Ludovico, "I have been in many lands, beheld the choicest beauties of many climes, but all charms fade be-

fore the resplendent loveliness of the Duchess of Milan. The feast is prepared, and the guests wait—a double feast they will have.” So saying, Ludovico led the way to the banquet hall.

Weeks passed, even months, and, ever following the beautiful bride, was the tall form and dark face of Ludovico the Moor. If she rode, Isabella was sure to meet her husband’s uncle, ever felt his dark, treacherous eyes bent on her face, looking the unholy admiration which he dared not express in words. Isabella began to feel afraid of this man, who followed her so like a shadow; a shudder always passed over her as she heard his rich, insinuating voice. Giovanni noted nothing beyond the admiration Ludovico seemed to have for the beautiful duchess, and thought nothing of it.

Up a dark, winding staircase, up and up, to the very top of a tall house, carefully crept a muffled figure. Carefully creeping upward, and ever and anon looking behind him suspiciously, went this dark man. Arrived at the top of the stairs, he knocked at a small door in front of him. A long time, spent in impatient, fruitless waiting, and he repeated the summons, and this time more boldly. Upon the instant of the second signal the door opened, and a little, withered, ill-favored old man made his appearance, and asked fiercely:

“Who disturbs me at this hour?”

“One who wishes to consult your science.”

“Too late. Go home. Come when the sun shines fair and bright upon all the gay earth, and not come like a nighthawk. Go home.”

“No time like the present,” calmly answered the stranger, standing firmly in the doorway.

“Dark deeds needs must be done in darkness. No sun can lighten your black heart. Walk in.”

This the old man muttered, as he ushered the stranger into the room, then closed and locked the door behind them.

“Your words are ungracious, old man,” said the stranger, hoping by his ease of manner to gain ease of mind.

“Cavil not at my words if you wish my aid. Be seated.”

The new comer looked about him, and seeing only one chair, he hesitated to occupy it, but a sign from the owner made him take it. It was a strange room into which he was ushered. High dark walls covered with all sorts of fiendish pictures, bones, talismans, trophies, everything fearful and revolting; in each corner, standing upright in a dark coffin, each coffin surmounted by a large stuffed raven, grinning hideously, were skeletons. Bones, skulls, stuffed

birds and reptiles of every variety now hung round this fearful room. In the centre of the apartment stood a large table, covered with black velvet, upon which were embroidered in silver and carmine, cabalistic signs. Upon this table lay a huge volume, bound in deep red velvet, and fastened by silver clasps, bearing strange devices. This den was dimly lighted in the day time by two narrow, slit-like windows, and now by a single lamp suspended above the table. This room was the abode of Calistro the famous Moorish sorcerer, who had of late come to work his wondrous spells in Milan, and had already gained a most wonderful influence over the superstitious Milanese, from the poorest peasant to the highest noble. People of all ranks consulted him, and bought charms and spells of him, and had their fortunes told.

Calistro seated himself upon the huge carcass of a stuffed crocodile, and from some secret hiding place, grinning and chattering, came an impish little black monkey, who perched himself beside his master on the head of the reptile. The master, small, ill-favored, and malicious, looked hardly unlike his pet monkey. When both stranger and magician were seated, the latter turned to the former, and spoke, while he fixed upon him his searching, restless eyes.

“What brings you here, my friend?”

“I wish your aid.”

“In what way? Shall I tell your fortune, or that of a friend?”

“Neither.”

“Neither? You are wrong. You may not care to know each event of life, but you would know the end of that life. Is not death, Sir Stranger, the consummation of everybody’s fortune? I cannot pass beyond the grave.”

“I spoke not of death.”

“You might have done so just as well. If I can read in the stars the destiny of each human being who comes to me, can I be blind when reading the faces of men, when each passion engraves a line deep in the face, when the eyes—you need not lower yours, for I have read the tale they tell—speak to me? You come here to gain the wherewithal with which to rid you of a troublesome relation, Ludovico Sforza.”

At the mention of his name, the stranger turned pale, and sprang to his feet.

“Be seated,” coldly said Calistro, with a malignant smile. “You should not be startled at hearing your own name. I will do your bidding, but before I give you all you require, you must give me that seal ring you wear; that I request, so that should I need you I can send a messenger who will be accredited. The second thing

is also simple. You must sign this paper. Read it."

"I promise to give to Calistro, Moorish sorcerer, half of that which he aids me to gain. I give him the casket."

"That is simple enough, surely, Signor Calistro," said Ludovico, smiling scornfully.

"I am glad you think so, and hope when the time of payment comes you will find it still as easy. This paper you must sign with your blood."

"Cheerfully, willingly will I sign," said the wicked Ludovico, as he thought of the prize he was to gain. "When the time comes," thought he, "we'll see who loses in this game."

"Roll up your sleeve—there, that's enough—a small incision—your blood flows readily—now for the pen—quick, ere it dries!"

So spoke the little, dark, impish physician and sorcerer, and the bold, reckless Ludovico Sforza wrote his name in deep red characters on the paper. The magician took the paper, and unclasping the book of magic upon the table, placed it between the leaves, and again closed the volume. That done, from a quaint little cupboard he took several minute bottles, from each of which he poured a few drops into an empty bottle in a rich flagree case which stood upon the table. When he had completed the mixture, he handed the silver-cased bottle to Sforza, saying:

"Go, now. This liquid, which is perfectly tasteless when mingled with wine, and perfectly colorless, will produce death. Five drops each day, and in three months your victim will pass away to another world, and none to say, nothing to prove who sent him there. Increase the dose—give ten drops instead of five, and in half the time he who swallows the dose will die. Increase the dose still more, and in less time Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and husband of the loveliest woman in all Italy will be beyond your power to work him good or ill. Know now that I know you and your victim. Beware how you seek to deceive me, or play me false, your life will be the forfeit. Go!"

Without a word, Ludovico Sforza took the fatal bottle, and fled down stairs, without daring to look behind him, trembling at what he had done, but never swerving from his purpose. Could he have heard the low chuckle which followed him, Ludovico would have been less sure of getting the best of the bargain.

"Fool, fool! The compact is made, and well he will rue it. Ha, ha, ha! Isabella of Naples will feel what it is to scorn an Italian. Because I was homely, withered and old before my time,

she scorned my suit. I, an Italian nobleman, wealthy beyond count, she refused. She let her beautiful eyes express surprise, then pity, and then, O heavens, as I urged my suit, she scorned me! She didn't say so, but I saw it in her eyes, those glorious eyes. I saw her beautiful lips curl, and those bewildering eyes grow dark with scorn as she refused me, the Marquis of Spasi. What fools the world contains! By the aid of a little native wit and shrewdness, these hideous skulls, pictures, stuffed birds and reptiles, I pass for a magician, and fool even the intelligent. Do I not know Ludovico Sforza the Moor? Tyrannical, selfish, envious and unprincipled, I read his vile thoughts, as disguised like a beggar I lingered near the portal of the duke's palace. I could have killed Ludovico for gazing so boldly upon the beauty I never can possess. I saw his surprise as he gazed on Isabella's blushing face. I read his desire in his eyes, and the look of hate he cast upon the lucky duke. Not in vain have I watched him day by day, and seen the hatred deepen, and the desire of passion grow each day more powerful. The poison I gave him is sure if science can tell anything. Ludovico Sforza will give the ten drops, and in three weeks the Duchess of Milan will be a widow. Sforza, you are a fool! Half of what you gain is mine. Ha, ha, I will take the body, the beautiful casket, and if Ludovico can gain possession of the soul without injuring the body, let him do so. He has pledged the casket."

A few weeks and the Milanese mourned like one great family—Giovanni Galeazzo, the loved Duke of Milan, was dead. He had rapidly faded away before their eyes. Each day on the balcony he grew paler and weaker; at last he came there no more to receive the welcome of his people. Pale and tearful came the adored, the lovely Isabella, and the people learned each day from her wan face how the duke was. At last she came not at all, the balcony was draped with black, a great grief fell upon the people, for their loved master was dead, the brave, generous duke. A great lamentation filled the city. A dark, sad day it was for the devoted Milanese when the vault closed over all that remained of Giovanni Galeazzo. Isabella was tearless.

With tears and kind offers, Ludovico Sforza came to her, and rage filled his heart when he saw that she scorned him. Isabella distrusted and feared him, and in her own mind resolved to rid herself of him. One day he came to her, and being inflamed by her beauty, he gave vent to his admiration in the following words:

"Isabella, beautiful creature, my heart burns

within me. The world will come. Have you been blind to the love which nearly consumed me while Giovanni lived?"

The words struck terror to her woman's heart. She was fully convinced now of the truth of her suspicions that Giovanni had died an unnatural death. Rising in her wrath and indignation, Isabella quivering with passion exclaimed:

"Go, vile assassin, murderer, and pollute this place no more! Go, before I kill you, for I would dare do anything, now." And so speaking, she drew a glittering dagger from her bosom.

Foiled, beaten back for a time, Ludovico retreated. Open war was between them now, and she would feel his power. The next morning, Isabella, Duchess of Milan, had disappeared. Furious, Ludovico Sforza rushed to the magician's den. No clue could he gain there. Calistro thought that this frenzying was mere acting on the part of Sforza, done to blind him to his acts, and Sforza thought the same of Calistro. Insulting words passed between them. Swords were drawn, and Calistro fell. Ludovico sought night and day for the lost beauty, but could gain no trace of her. One night as he returned from one of his vain searches, he heard a step behind him, and the next instant he was stabbed from behind, and fell dead upon the pavements. Few were sorrowful when the news of the assassination spread abroad. Out from her sanctuary, which was a convent near Milan, came the beautiful, sad duchess, fearing nothing now, since the death of the bold LUDOVICO THE MOOR.

A HINT TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole winter. All the different varieties of the plant being used, the various shapes and colors of the leaves blend into a beautiful effect. They require no fresh water.—*Telegraph*.

RETIREMENT.

What, what is virtue but repose of mind—
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud, malignant worm;
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy—as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

THOMSON.

STATISTICS OF HEADACHE.

The Medical Times and Gazette contains some interesting medical data, obtained by inquiries made in the usual course of professional experience, concerning the causes of headache. Of ninety cases cited, seventy-six were females—a number which establishes pretty strongly the fact testified to by most of the old writers, that females are more frequent sufferers. Of the seventy-six females, forty were single. The predisposition in the case of females is believed to originate in the nervous system—susceptibility of nervous disorder being much oftener found in the female than in the male subject. It is likely to exist in organisms which evidence a capability of so much fineness and delicacy of perception, united with so much proneness to emotional excitement, and in which the functions of organic life are observed to be so readily wrought by passing states of sensation and emotion.

Of the exciting causes, emotional disturbance has the highest number. Out of ninety cases, fifty-three declared this to be one of the causes of their attacks, forty-eight also considered that atmospheric states were to be blamed, and twenty-five specified thunder. In regard to inheritance of the liability, in nineteen cases the mother is mentioned, in nine the father, and in twelve both parents; in all, forty gave explicit evidence of hereditary predisposition, and a few others mentioned cases in collateral branches. Out of the ninety cases, only nineteen blamed their diet. As to the influence of climate, twenty-nine seem very clear that they are least liable to attacks of headache in places where the air is dry and bracing; six commend cold atmosphere and six condemn it; eight praise warm atmosphere and three dislike it; six are in favor of sea air and four are averse to it. Fatigue is mentioned as an inciting cause by thirty-two.

A MODEL WOMAN.

"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B.—is poor?"

"Yes, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No; and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter—I shall see more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"O, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house, and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with thin, cheap carpets."

"Then I shall hear his steps the sooner."—*Bee*.

A DECISIVE ANSWER.—It is narrated of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., that she once inquired of Mr. Pitt, who subsequently became Earl Chatham, what it would cost to close the parks of London to the populace and make private grounds of them. "Three Crowns, your majesty!" was Mr. Pitt's sententious reply. And Queen Caroline never felt in a disposition afterwards to recur to the subject.

[ORIGINAL.]
SONNET.

BY E. G. JOHNSON.

What boots the graces of thy form and face?
In estimation of the truly wise,
All human beauty is in poor disgrace
That lacks the crown of love's sweet sanctities.
Think not to move our lips with words of praise
With such an empty challenge for applause;
Give us the theme of consecrated days
Spent in the service of some worthy cause!
I ask thee not to fill the public eye
With deeds to win the sounding voice of fame;
But in thy proper sphere do thou comply
With all that thy peculiar duties claim.
Then shall thy goodly honor be confessed
In heaven and earth, and thou be truly blessed.

[ORIGINAL.]

THIRTY-FIVE.

BY MISS M. A. DANA.

"THIRTY-FIVE to-day! My life is just half through—that is, if I am to live the threescore and ten which the Bible says is the life of man. I sometimes wish that I had already reached the end."

Such was the remark that I addressed to myself upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday. I was not in the best of humors, as may be inferred from a portion of my remark. But when I had pushed aside the curtain and opened the window, and had revelled for a while in the glories of an October morning (for the reader must know what I am proud of telling, that my birthday comes in the glorious month of October, "which makes the woods so gay"), then did my spirit acquire its usual tone of serenity, and I became half-ashamed of my first exclamation. But the day had begun badly, and I was destined to encounter and overcome many more vexations before it ended.

As I looked in the glass that morning, never, so it seemed to me, had the ravages of time been so perceptible. My brow locks, which had been the pride and admiration of my friends, and which only yesterday had seemed to me as glossy, abundant and beautiful as ever, now looked faded and thinned—and, yes—actually there was a gray hair! I am ashamed to confess, that for one instant I was almost disposed to sit down and cry, but happily, I did not yield to the temptation. My eyes, too, which in my younger days had been dark and lustrous, and which, as my cousin John had once said, "shone like an angel's when I was animated," now, upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday, looked dull

and green. There were wrinkles, too, upon my face, which could only have been placed there by the hand of time. In fact, I looked like a wrinkled, faded, grim old maid, and with this impression strong upon my mind, I put on the most Quaker-like dress I possessed, combed my hair back as plainly as possible, and went down to breakfast. As I opened the door, I was unfortunate enough to interrupt a family conference. For there were seated at the table, uncle and aunt, John, Harry, Frank and little Annie, all seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. Upon my sudden entrance there was an abrupt pause, and some embarrassment expressed by the younger members of the family.

"Another advantage in being an old maid," thought I to myself, "she's sure to stumble into places where she isn't wanted."

As I seated myself in my accustomed place at the table, there was an exclamation from John: "Good gracious, Emily, have you turned Quaker? What in the world is the meaning of that drab dress?"

"It means that I am thirty-five to-day, so be reverent, if you please," said I, shaking my finger at him.

"In half-mourning for her hopes," I suppose, muttered Harry, with a most malicious expression of face. At this point I jotted down a memorandum in my mind—to give Harry a lecture upon respect before the day was through.

"I do believe cousin Emily has made a mistake," shouted my pet Frank, at this moment, shaking his curls all over his head. "I know she is forty instead of thirty-five to-day, and I'll prove it by the family Bible after breakfast. O, Cousin Emily, to think that you, of all others, should cheat in your age! I shall never believe in you after this."

"Hold your tongues, boys," interrupted my uncle. "If you don't behave yourselves, you shall take no part in you know what." And here my uncle nodded mysteriously.

As I left the table that morning, I felt sure that I hated boys most decidedly, and I came to the conclusion that they were the most ungrateful set that ever lived. Even Frank, by whose side had I had spent some years of my life, who had often declared that he loved me better than anything else on earth; even he had wounded me by a foolish jest.

"Please, Emily, don't come down to dinner in drab," said John, as he handed me to the door in an unusually gallant style.

"And, Cousin Emily, mother says you are not to enter the kitchen to-day," whispered little Annie, with a most bewitching smile.

"So they want to get rid of me," thought I, bitterly. "And what can have come over those boys this morning? I never knew them to behave so. I really believe they wish I were out of the house, and so I begin to think do uncle and aunt, too. Last year I was loaded with presents, and to-day there is not even the mention of one. Not, of course, that I care anything about the presents themselves, but then it is pleasant to know that there is some one in the world who cares about you. Well, I see I shall have to go away from here and find a home by myself, for who cares for an old maid?"

Thus grumbling, I entered my room and cast my eyes around to see what it was best to employ my time about—for upon this, my birthday, I was extremely fastidious as regarded my occupations. It pleased me just then to remember that there was a quantity of old letters to be looked over and sorted, a task that I had put off from day to day as a painful one, for it would necessarily recall the one bitter sorrow of my life.

Twelve years before, upon that very day, my marriage was to have taken place. But before the time came we had quarrelled, and when the sun rose upon our wedding-day, Philip Allen was across the sea, a sad and solitary wanderer. As I re-read those letters, relics of my love-dream, how vividly did every circumstance connected with it come up before me! How well I recollected our quarrel, which my own wilfulness had caused, and Philip's sad, reproachful face when I turned from him with the angry exclamation:

"Go, if you wish it—it is best—for we shall never agree—we had better never meet again."

And we had never met again. My words, bitterly repented of as soon as spoken, and repented of every day and hour since that time, had been literally adhered to. Philip was in a distant land, and I was an old maid of thirty-five. My musings were here interrupted by the most outrageous noise down stairs. I began seriously to think that my uncle was knocking away a portion of his house by the hammering that I heard. The most uproarious shouts of laughter likewise floated up from the regions below.

"I really believe everybody here is crazy to-day," thought I, as I commenced my toilet for dinner.

To please John, I put on the very gayest dress I possessed—for however much I might grumble about the boys, I knew and they knew that I would do most anything to please them.

"Very well, very well indeed—you'll do, Emily," said John, as he took a critical survey of my dress through his eye-glass.

At dinner time there were the same mysterious nods and glances that I had noticed at breakfast, and everybody seemed unusually excited. In the afternoon John prepared to drive me out in his new buggy, to see the country in its October dress.

"More likely to make acquaintance with Mother Earth," retorted I, "for, really, John, you are so excited, you will not be able to manage that spirited horse of yours."

But John protested that he was never calmer in his life, and as a proof of his placidity, performed some of the most ridiculous manœuvres, without, however, convincing me at all.

"Better go, Cousin Emily," said Harry—"it may be your last chance. I don't expect you'll as much as look at me after to-day."

In my heart of hearts, I determined both to look at the gentleman and to talk to him in a way that he should not soon forget. But this matter was put off till another day, for there stood John waiting impatiently for me. Now, as I really had no fear, whatever of John's driving, I decided to go, little guessing the vexations I should undergo before I reached home.

"Now," thought I, as I seated myself in the buggy, "now I will find out the meaning of all this mystery. It will be impossible for John to keep the secret from me."

"Has anything unusual happened to-day, John?" I commenced.

"Anything unusual happened to-day?" repeated John—"why yes, I think there has."

"What?" demanded I, impatiently.

"Why, you are thirty-five to-day, are you not, Emily?" returned John, with a very demure face—"and quite young and handsome, too, for 'thirty-five.'"

Now I was both amused and provoked at the absurdity of this speech. To tell the truth, I had by this time become a little tired of hearing 'thirty-five.'

"No matter," thought I, "he will at least be moved when he hears that I am to go away. I know that he will say cousin Emily can't be dispensed with."

"John," I began, "sometimes—to-day especially, I have thought that it would be best if I should go away from here—that I should be happier in another dwelling-place, because—"

I was here interrupted by John, who was attacked by the most outrageous fit of coughing, which lasted several minutes, and which by its violence threatened to rupture a blood vessel. Indeed I was really alarmed by the evident distress in which he was, and which exhibited itself by the purple hue of his face and by the oddest

grimaces. No allusion was made to my remark during the remainder of the ride, and I must say I was not a little wounded by the perfect indifference manifested by John upon the subject of my departure.

"There's Amy Anthem," shouted John, as we passed a cottage, at the gate of which stood a blooming young girl. And as John spoke, he drew up with a sudden jerk, threw the reins to me, and was soon in earnest conversation with Amy. Now Amy was a great favorite of mine, and it was no secret that she was a great favorite of John's also, but I should have preferred that he should have taken another time to have shown his partiality, especially, as by their motions I knew they were talking about me. So I leaned further back in the carriage, feeling very uncomfortable, and imagining their whole conversation.

"I suppose he is telling her that I am thirty-five to-day, and of course she will answer with her prettiest smile, 'poor old maid, I pity her!'"

"Good by, Amy—now don't forget to be ready at the exact minute," was John's final speech, as we drove away.

John had several other calls to make, the object of which I could not discover. There were several mysterious conferences held with elderly spectacled ladies, and middle-aged ladies, and young ladies—all of whom nodded kindly to me, but all of whom I suspected of saying to each other, "she's thirty-five to-day, poor thing!" How I wished we were at home, and home we reached at length, only to be met at the door by Harry, who had spent the time profitably by composing an epitaph upon our probable fate, which, standing at the foot of the stairs, he shouted out to me word by word.

How long I sat in the solitude of my own room I know not. Weary of the present, I had gone back into the days of the past—days that could never return. When I awoke to actual life it was dark, and the room felt dark and chilling. There was an unusual clatter of voices and sound of feet below, and hurrying from one room to another. I passed down the dark staircase and opened the parlor door, and then started back at the flood of light and the sight that burst upon me. The parlors were most brilliantly lighted, and full of company—my particular friends, many of whom I had thought far distant—the friends of the family were all there. What a complete change from the dark, chilly room above, and the society of my own somewhat sombre thoughts, to these cosy, comfortable parlors and this pleasant company, every one of whom had something agreeable or complimentary to say to me, as with John beside me to

keep me in countenance, I received the friends who crowded about me. What a change, too, had come over the family. All the restraint which had so vexed me during the day, was gone. My uncle and aunt were ten times kinder to me than usual, if such a thing could be possible. My cousins, too, were completely transformed into polite and agreeable people. And as Harry presented me with a magnificent bouquet, he whispered:

"Let that atone in part for my saucy speeches to-day, Cousin Emily."

I thought at that moment, I could have forgiven him much greater offences.

"Now," said John, "we are to have a series of tableaux, all in your honor, Emily. You are not expected to take part in them, otherwise than by staring at them most intently, for I assure you they will be something remarkable."

I laughed, promised to stare at them most intently, and seated myself with such of the company as were not actors. In our rather old-fashioned mansion, the library connected with the parlors by means of folding doors, and these being now pushed aside, disclosed the theatre of performances. The changes which the library had undergone, accounted also for the hammering sounds I had heard in the morning.

The first tableau was rather a failure. It represented John in a very picturesque dress, and with drawn weapon standing over Frank, who crouched upon the ground in terror. The bright weapon so near his curly head, must have frightened my little favorite, for he made a very perceptible movement, which greatly amused the spectators, but destroyed the effect of the picture. Then followed a representation of Evangeline, with sweet, sad face, sitting by the "nameless grave;" Ruth among her sheaves of wheat, besides various groups which looked remarkably well. Little Red Riding-hood, which character was represented by blooming Amy Anthem, in a charming red cloak, was another attractive feature.

But the tableau which most engaged my attention was the last of all, where David was represented as mourning over the dead Absalom. Harry, as Absalom, lay in the very semblance of death, every feature in perfect repose. There was a hush among the spectators, for perfect stillness was such a novelty in connection with our wild, roguish Harry, that this seemed real, too real. Over the bier bowed David in all the majesty of woe. The face of the actor was hidden from my sight, but the bowed form, the attitude alone, proclaimed the depth of human suffering. Never before to my knowledge had I seen the person who represented David, nor did

he seem known to the company, for when the curtain fell, every one asked of his neighbor the question, "who acted David?" But none knew.

A little later in the evening I managed to find Harry, who looked now as little like the dead Absalom as it was possible to look, and endeavored to extract from him some information in regard to the stranger—for strange to say, that was the subject upon which my thoughts oftenest dwell. But Harry pretended perfect ignorance.

"How should I know who it was, when my eyes were closed the whole time? I tell you what, it isn't an easy thing to act Absalom."

"But you certainly know who was leaning over you, Harry."

"I know—I think not. I had as much as I could do to keep perfectly still."

I saw that there was nothing to be extracted from Harry, so I attacked John upon the subject. But my question remained unanswered, for John was again seized by one of those fearful fits of coughing that had engaged my sympathy in the morning.

"Now that I have recovered, Emily," said John, when it pleased him to stop coughing, "just come with me into the dining-room, from this crowd. I've something there to show you."

And something indeed there was—for there stood my good old uncle with a beautiful gold watch in his hand, which he presented to me with a few simple but affecting words. Then followed my aunt with a gift, at once elegant and appropriate. And then, in their turn, each of the boys. Before the presentation of his gift, which was an elegant rosewood writing-desk, John attempted to make a little speech, but broke down in the midst of it, to the great amusement of all, for John was very seldom embarrassed. Ah! how little justice I had done them all that morning. I had accused them of not caring for me, of wishing me out of the house; and here had the whole family united in honoring my birthday and remembering my tastes. How much had I, old maid as I was, and thirty-five years old, to be thankful for! How like a stab did every one of these kindnesses seem, when I thought of my morning soliloquy. As these ideas passed through my mind, I raised my eyes and encountered those of Annie, who, child-like, had been fluttering about from one room to another, and was now watching me intently.

"Now, Cousin Emily, if you will come into the library, I will show you my present."

The library had been entirely deserted by our guests, and as Annie and I approached it from the dining-room, I saw only one solitary figure, that of the stranger, sitting with his face turned

from the light. I was about to withdraw, but Annie urged me gently forward, and just then the stranger turned with an eager look, and for the first time for twelve years, I stood face to face with Philip Allen! There was no mistaking those features, which once seen could never be forgotten, and there was no mistaking the eager, impetuous haste with which Philip rushed forward to greet me. He was not changed; and that thought brought such exceeding joy, that I forgot that I was thirty-five, and no longer young and handsome.

Strange to say, this idea never occurred to me during the remainder of the evening, which seemed unaccountably short—neither the next day, nor the next day after. But, as Harry remarked next morning at breakfast, travellers have such wonderful stories to relate, that one cannot even think of anything else. Philip, indeed, had been a wanderer many years, and those years had been so full of marvellous adventures, and it was so necessary that he should tell them to somebody, that it happened, I hardly know how, that I was obliged to give him a great many conferences in the library. And these adventures had from one thing led to another, and finally, in the most unromantic manner possible (for what romance could be expected of such elderly people), it was proposed that we should give out another invitation to our friends some evening, and that we should become actors in that very imposing tableau, called marriage. We did as we proposed, and so I became Mrs. Philip Allen.

John congratulated me in a curious fashion:

"You are not half good enough for Philip, Emily—for haven't you deserted me most cruelly, when I took the trouble to take you to ride upon your thirty-fifth birthday, and nearly killed myself in keeping good news from you. The whole family took the greatest trouble to deceive you that day, for of course we all knew Philip had come. By the way, I must tell Philip how much happier you would be if you went away from here, because—"

And here John was seized with his old fit of coughing, which was speedily cured, however, by the sight of Amy Anthon.

As for myself, I need only to say, that I look back with the most pleasant recollections, to the day when I was thirty-five, and I assure you that that wasn't a great while ago.

MEMORIES.

Memories dwell like doves among the trees,
Like nymphs in glooms, like naiads in the wells;
And some are sweet, and sadder some than death.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

(ORIGINAL.)

"COME HOME."

Suggested by a sermon to young men preached Sunday evening, October 16, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Philadelphia. Subject—"The Prodigal Son."

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Come, weary wanderer, come again
Unto thy Father's house and heart!
Though guilty have thy wanderings been,
And stained thy soul with much of sin.
Yet do not longer stricken roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

Thy Father's willing ear inclines
Unto thy footsteps drawing nigh;
Though want before hath marked thy lines,
And sin made up thy strange designs,
Still, weary one, no longer roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

A yearning heart with pulses warm,
Waits anxiously thy faltering step:
To clasp with arms of love thy form,
To draw thee back from life's rough storm.
O, sad one, do not longer roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

No longer eat the husks of swine;
Thy Father's board is more than filled;
The fattened calf is wholly thine:
Let then with joy thy heart incline.
O, wanderer, do not longer roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

(ORIGINAL.)

HERBERT GRANGER'S SIN.

BY CLARISSA W. STORY.

HERBERT GRANGER stood leaning over his dressing-table with a scowl on his forehead and a curling-iron in his hand. One of his glossy, purple-black ringlets, fresh from the artistic hands of his hair dresser, had taken a notion to straighten itself out in an audacious, unbecoming way, and this was what the scowl and the curling-iron were for. The table was littered up like any woman's—there were brushes and combs—bottles of hair-oil and cologne—scissors, pin-cushions—and a thousand little knick-knacks essential to the making up of a fashionable toilet, but, as the advertisements have it, "too numerous to mention." A couple of dainty boxes, with French labels, stood side by side under the elegant little mirror. The oval covers were unscrewed and half removed, and if one had been near enough to catch a glimpse of their contents, they might have taken a second suspicious glance at the brilliant white and red complexion of the young gentleman who stood there winding that refrac-

tory lock of hair about the curling-iron. Not that I would insinuate anything against the genuineness of the roses and lilies which blossomed so freshly between the enclosing hedge of whisks and curls in the garden of the aforesaid young gentleman's face. Not I. I hold that truthfulness to nature is one of an author's first duties, and who ever heard of such a thing as any person, not strictly feminine, resorting to the beautifying influence of pearl-powder and rouge?

There the little oval boxes stood, however, with their covers unscrewed and half removed, and their Parisian inscriptions staring up sanctily at the brilliant complexion above them, as though they could have told queer stories had they wished to, and preached queer sermons, and given queer advice. As if they could have said, and *would* have said it, too, only that their auditor understood nothing but English, and they talked nothing but French:

"Herbert Granger, you are a weak, vain fellow of a fellow. You are effeminate—you are silly—you are insincere—your heart is as false as your complexion—as hollow, and unreliable, and easily twisted about, as that lock of hair you are scowling at."

Perhaps they did manage to make themselves understood a little, for the young man suddenly gave an uneasy, downward glance—frowned, and pushed the little oval boxes impatiently out of sight under a crumpled newspaper.

"Heigh-ho! Now for an hour or two at cousin Harry's, and then an evening with Julia—charming Julia!"

These were his thoughts, not his words (for only children and people innocent as children are apt to talk aloud to themselves), as he laid down the curling-iron and gave a finishing touch to his hair, by smoothing it over with his jewelled hand.

"Beautiful Julia!" his thought ran on, "how the men envy me, and what wouldn't some of the dear creatures give to stand in my shoes—the affianced lover of the handsomest girl in the city!"

A gleam of the rich October sunset shone just then at a window of the luxuriously furnished room, and fluttered against the satin-papered wall. It looked like a little golden bird alighting there, ruffling its pretty plumage, and perching its rosy head on one side, as if it had a faculty of hearing the young man's unspoken thoughts, and had come in on purpose to listen.

"Jupiter! what would Miss Julia say to see me now? (He was softening down the rather hectic brilliancy of one cheek with the corner of a dampened handkerchief.) Confound it, what a daub! But it's a poor rule that won't work

both ways, and if she doesn't come out once in a while with more color than the Lord gave her, then I'm mistaken. She don't think I know it though, any more than I think *she* knows that I am by nature as sallow as an East Indian, and as straight-haired as a cat. By the way, what fools the women are, to take so much pains to please us men, and what fools we men are to take equal pains to please *them*. I vow I wouldn't do it—I would be as indifferent as a stone—I would let paint and hair-oil, and curling-tongs go to the deuce, if it wasn't that my purse was so mighty lean, and I must fatten it by marrying an heiress. O dear, why couldn't I have been born rich instead of handsome?"

At this period of his thoughts, he smiled a faint, sarcastic smile to himself, and the little golden bird, listening as it flitted softly along the satin papered wall, grew pale with disgust or fright, and as he went on thinking his vain, selfish thoughts, it grew dimmer and dimmer, fluttering and shrinking away across the clusters of roses on the paper, still fluttering, and shrinking, and fading away, till at last its little pale, gold wings shut together languidly, the listening head drooped, and creeping into a dim corner of the chamber, it vanished altogether.

Perhaps if Herbert Granger had watched his little timid visitor, instead of studying his mirror so attentively, and if his spiritual ear had been delicate enough to hear the divine song it sung, he would have washed the roses from his face, and straightened out his curling hair, for very shame—shame born of the dim perception that he was a most unmanly man. As it was, however, he only drew on his faultlessly fitting kid gloves, holding up his small hand before the glass as he did so, to admire its feminine whiteness and size, set his hat stylishly over his curls, took up his fashionable walking stick, and giving it a nonchalant twirl, sauntered down stairs into the street.

A little, thinly-clad figure, holding to its bosom a bundle that had a human look, as if it might be a baby, fluttered timidly out from one of the dark, narrow by-streets, as he went along, and laid its hand on his arm—a thin, white, trembling hand, that one might have taken for a snow flake, and almost looked to see it melt in the warmth of the glossy broadcloth sleeve, to which it clung so shyly, yet so pleadingly.

"A few pennies, sir—my baby is starving."

There was a pitiful sadness in the sweet, faint voice, but nothing that should have made the hot, red blood dash up into Herbert Granger's face, as it did, showing its crimson stain, even through pearl-powder and rouge.

"How dare you dog my steps in that way, you beggar?" he said, angrily shaking off the little hand as remorselessly as though it had been the snow-flake it looked. "This is the third time I have seen you to-day."

The girl's head, which had been drooped, as if for shame, during her appeal for charity, was lifted with a sudden start.

"Indeed—indeed I did not know who it was, Herbert! God knows I would rather starve than beg of you!"

And then the little slight, thinly-clad figure, holding its human-looking bundle to its bosom, fluttered and shrank away, as the sunshine had shrank away on the wall—fluttered and shrank away in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street—fluttered and shrank away, God only knows with what utter despair and weariness of heart and limbs!

Time hung heavily on Miss Julia Knowlton's hands. Time is apt to hang heavily, I believe, when young women are expecting their lovers, as Miss Julia was expecting hers.

The tiny hands of her jewelled watch (dear, busy, industrious hands—did they ever teach their wealthy, petted mistress, I wonder, the lesson of patience and faithful duty which those little golden pulses throbbed out day after day, and month after month!) indicated the hour of six, and Herbert was not coming till eight. Dear, dear, what a weary time it was to wait, Miss Julia thought. She had yawned over her embroidery, bored herself almost to death at the piano (though she played only Herbert's favorite songs), got sleepy over the last fashion plates, and crows over the last novel. She had paced the long parlors up and down, not because she was impatient for his arrival (she was too well-bred to love him heartily enough and healthily enough for that), but because she was alone in the house, with only the stupid servants to keep her company, and could think of nothing better to busy herself about—walked till her dainty feet fairly ached with their restless pacing back and forth. Then she had stopped before one of the long mirrors and arranged and re-arranged to suit her own capricious taste, the stylish braids of her abundant hair, petulantly wondering how much a fright her dressing-maid would make her, if left to herself.

"There's a beggar at the door, what won't be sent away all I can do, ma'am," said a servant, thrusting her head into the room, while the white, jewelled fingers were still busy at their task of unlooping and looping up again the silk-en, scented waves of braided hair.

"Nonsense, Nancy," was the peevish answer. "You presume on my good nature, because I happen to be alone this evening. Where's the earthly use of your coming to me with such stuff as that. Of course she'll go away if you tell her to."

"But she's such a pretty, scared, tender-looking little thing, ma'am, and so young, and has such a white, sad face, and such a tired way of speaking, that I hadn't the heart to send her away no better than she came, unless you are unwilling for me to take her into the kitchen—the back kitchen, of course, ma'am—and cheer her up a bit with something to eat and drink."

If Miss Julia had heard her described as old and infirm and haggard, ten to one she would have ordered Nancy to banish her from the premises instantly, though she was not naturally unkind at heart; but the servant girl's adjectives struck her fancy, as a pretty paragraph in a fashionable sensation sermon on charity might have done. A strange impulse came over her.

"You say she is young and pretty, Nancy," she said, glancing at her watch again, and yawning languidly. "If that is the case, she must be interesting, and you may show her in here. Don't roll your eyes out so, girl," she added, laughing at Nancy's stare of amazement, "but do as I tell you. I am dying of ennui, and perhaps she will serve to amuse me for awhile."

Amuse you, Lady Julia! God forbid!

What a sweet, white, mournful face it was that dawned upon her vision the next moment—with the roses blanched entirely out of the waxen cheeks—with the light of all womanly faith and joy and hope faded from the melancholy eyes, as though drenched away by constant weeping—with the delicate lips quivering, as in a pallid supplication for rest and peace—and the soft hair astray about the temples, as beautifully and sadly golden as sunshine on new-made graves. O yes, what a very sweet, white, mournful face it was—so wan, so pleading, so wistful, and so weary—with such a forlorn, dejected, pent expression lying about the young mouth, and over the low, smooth brow like a shadow! And what an old, old look it gave to the girlish countenance to have that little human bundle hugged to the youthful bosom beneath!

"Nancy told the truth—you are pretty," said Julia, speaking with impulsive frankness, and roused into something quite like interest, by her strange guest's youth and loveliness. "I never should have mistrusted you were a beggar though, you don't look like one. You are not at all like those horrid old things who beg in the street. If you had been, I shouldn't have let you come in

here," she added, puffing the trembling little figure forward into the full blaze of light, and then pushing her good-naturedly down into the delicious depths of a luxurious rocking-chair, against the crimson cushions of which, her face looked more thin and melancholy than ever.

"And indeed I am not a beggar, ma'am—that is, I have not been one long." The words were articulated wearily and slowly, as though all the frail young creature's strength was concentrated in the effort to speak them. "I never before to-day asked charity, ma'am—never indeed. But I could not see my baby starve—O, I could not, *could not* see my blessed darling starve."

Down underneath all the vanity and pride and selfishness of Julia Knowlton's surface character, there was a sealed fountain of tender, womanly feeling and gentle womanly charity, which the pathos of those few plaintive words stirred into sudden life.

"Poor thing!" she said, leaning over the chair, and smoothing back with her jewelled hand the loose gold of the straying hair—"poor thing! tell me your story—you have a story, I am sure."

"Not much—of—a—one—ma'am." Still more wearily and wanderingly came the faintly spoken words, and still more thin and pallid for their utterance, looked the attenuated face leaning back against the glowing velvet cushions. "It is a—very—very—old—story, ma'am. I was so young—so silly—so vain—so credulous—"

She stopped there, raised her head a little, and withdrew the ragged covering from the tiny bundle nestling at her breast, revealing a baby face still more wan, and sharp, and pitiful than her own, and holding it forward a little more into the light (drooping her head as she did so), as though that would finish her story for her better than words.

"You were seduced then?"

Julia said it, snatching her caressing hand away from among the golden coils of hair, as though they had been so many serpents, and stepping suddenly back, with the quick, cold instinct of self-righteousness freezing over for an instant the sweet waters of pity, so lately troubled to their depths. Seduced! What a hard, cold word it seemed, coming from those haughty lips, and what a wide gulf it fixed between those two young and beautiful women—so near together, because they were young and beautiful, and yet so infinitely far apart in the world's dimly seeing eyes.

It was a sad, sad picture, and any artist who could have wrought it out on canvass, might have brought the very angels down from heaven to weep above the production of his genius. A

sad, sad picture—the little, trembling, penitent outcast—a child in years and in strength—a woman only in her sin and its punishment of shame—shrinking and drooping over her starving babe, in the glare and gorgeousness of that luxurious room, and her more favored sister holding herself scornfully aloof, with the light gleaming over her silken raiment, revealing the flush and the angry darkness of pride on her beautiful face, flashing and throbbing over the jewels in her braided hair—over the delicate laces on her bosom, and the golden bracelets banding her round white arms!—a sad, sad picture!

But the angel came down and troubled the waters of Julia Knowlton's heart once again. There came before her, while she stood there, the memory of a sweet story that has been handed down to us through the centuries—the story of the Magdalen of old—the penitent Magdalen, who found strength and pardon and peace, because of the holy, pitying love and tenderness of her Divine Brother and Saviour! Somehow, though Julia was a frivolous, giddy woman of the world, that memory touched and softened her heart.

"Poor child!" she said, again leaning over the chair as she had done at first, and gathering away once more the soft, stray tresses from the drooping face. "Poor child! poor child! I pity you from my heart. You have been sadly wronged. What is your baby's name, dear?"

The bent face lifted itself at the question, flamed all over for an instant with the sudden stain of shame, like snow turning blood-red under the sunset, then grew white with a whiteness as of death, and fell back faintly among the ruby cushions.

"Herbert!"

"Herbert?—Herbert *what*, poor dear?"

"Herbert Fray, now. (What a feeble, forced, wandering whisper it was!) I have called him Herbert Granger—until—to-day—but I saw him—saw him—its father—and he was—cruel—O so cruel!"

With a face so changed that it seemed suddenly petrified into marble, Julia Knowlton turned away, and walked unsteadily to and fro, stretching out her clasped hands between herself and her guest, seeming to shrink away from the harmless, quiet little figure, as though the very sight of it hurt some tender place in her heart—seeming to shrink away, as that had shrunk away not long before, in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street.

Ah, even fashionable women have hearts sometimes, capable of loving and of suffering—and here, wrestling sternly with its pain, under

her jewelled boddice, was one of them. One of the barriers which she had so proudly built up between herself and the little outcast had been thrown down with such force, that her whole womanly soul recoiled from the shock. She went forward at last, still holding her clasped hands between herself and her guest, as though to ward off some apprehended hurt. But, O, how harmlessly still the fragile figure was lying! How pitifully white the thin face showed against the brilliant background of rosy velvet! How strangely close the long, fair lashes clung to the sunken cheeks! Was she asleep?

"Wake up, dear!"—the clasped hands were still between them—"wake up, and come with me to the kitchen. I ought to have thought of it long ago, you look so famished and exhausted. Are you not hungry?"

The baby stirring in its ragged blanket, woke up and smiled in her face. That was all the answer that she received.

"Come, wake up! It is strange you could go to sleep with *that* name on your lips." (The hands were shudderingly unclasped then, and one of them was laid gently on the sleeper's shoulder to rouse her.)

Ay, you may unlock your hands without fear, Lady Julia. The poor thing will never hurt your heart any more with her sad history! You may clasp the slender shoulders, and bend down closely over the pallid, mournful face, and call her by name, and try to waken her by the mention of food (you could have wakened her so yesterday, or the day before, or even a week since, for she was hungry as long ago as that—but you cannot waken her now.) God's saddest angel has been in your presence when you knew it not, and a ransomed spirit went out with him into the mystery of the unknown hereafter, never to know hunger, or cold, or sin, or shame, any more forever.

People wondered why the match was broken off between the handsome Herbert Granger and the beautiful heiress, Julia Knowlton—they had seemed so devoted to each other! And they wondered still more, as the years went by, why she remained single, and what strange whim had got into her head that she should adopt and educate as her own that pale-faced little pauper boy, whose antecedents no one knew or could even guess at. Perhaps if they could have looked into her heart, knowing whose child it was, and seen that she loved it less for its own sake than for its erring father's, yet loved it greatly for its own, they would have wondered still the more. But so it was.

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

The moonbeams are lighting the hills and the vales,
While night's deepest silence o'er all things prevails;
The stars shining brightly their watches still keep,
And Nature reposes to quiet and sleep;
But the mind is still active, and sends forth the ray
That illumines our life like the first beams of day.

We listen with rapture to Nature's sweet hymn,
At morn, or at eve when the daylight grows dim;
In the hour when we turn to the past, and reflect
On the hearts that we love and the minds we respect;
And 'tis well thus to cheer the sad spirit and lone
With music and memory, the lovely and gone.

And each hour has its lesson to kindly impart,
If we yield to its teachings a true willing heart;
Some breathings of heaven to throw o'er the gloom
And the cares of the world, like a wreath on the tomb:
Where the forms of the loved and the lovely repose,
Where bloom in sad beauty the violet and rose.

But at this seeming pause when deep silence bears sway,
When thoughts are more free, and glad spirits obey
Their heavenly missions, we wake to the power
Of truth, that seems born of the loneliest hour:
And the world stands unveiled to our vision, and light
Shines forth like the stars in the deep shades of night.

O, heed its grave teachings, for wisdom and worth
Are more to be sought than the riches of earth;
And the inward revealings are given to guide
To freedom and happiness—all things beside
May be doubted, if ever conflicting they prove
With their judgment of truth and the spirit of love.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

BY EDWARD D. PRABODY.

SOME years ago I was appointed agent for an extensive firm in the city of New York, and was obliged by the duties of my office to travel frequently in the Western States. In those days the means of communication between different parts of the country were much less extended than at present, and in consequence I very often performed long journeys on horseback, concealing commonly large sums of money about my person. For the better security of life and property, which were not seldom endangered in the less populous districts, I invariably made it my practice to go armed; and being naturally of a fearless turn, rather enjoyed than otherwise the sense of danger from which I was never wholly free. One of my adventures—and I met many well worth narrating—involved circumstances which at the time seemed to border on the su-

pernatural, and which, although subsequently explained in part, have always been in a great measure mysteriously inexplicable. No system of psychology has ever yet succeeded in analysing these occult operations of the mind, by which the imagination is determined to represent on its canvass scenes which are yet enveloped in the impenetrable darkness of futurity. But to my story.

The occasions of my business in the year 183-, rendered it necessary for me to traverse alone the western part of the State of Ohio, and I made the journey, as usual, on horseback. This State, now one of the most lustrous stars in the federal constellation, was at that time eclipsed in glory by many a sister luminary which has since grown dim beside it. The greater part of my route lay through a thinly peopled region, in which the houses were "like angel's visits, few and far between," and in which I was frequently obliged to put up with accommodations of the very plainest description. One wet, raw, windy day in October I had ridden further than common on a wretched road, which had greatly tasked the powers of my willing horse; and as the afternoon wore away, and still no signs of a house appeared, I began to feel anxious no less on his account than on my own. Just before evening closed in, however, I was overjoyed by the distant prospect of a house, rudely built, indeed, but as welcome to my eyes as the low-lying shores of Guanahani to the strained vision of Columbus and his comrades. Patting the neck of my jaded steed, and speaking encouraging words to him, I pushed on to the haven which promised us rest after the toil and weariness of the day's exertions. Through the uncurtained windows of the lower story streamed out into the increasing darkness a cheerful light, whose waver- ing brightness indicated an open fire-place. As I drew near the house, I could partially discern through the gloom the shapes of irregular sheds and outbuildings attached to the main structure; but I only cursorily glanced at these, being more intent on reaching the inside than scrutinizing the outside of the edifice. The sound of my horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the inmates, and a man issued from one of the outbuildings, bearing a dark lantern which entirely concealed his own figure, while it plainly revealed mine.

"Can you take care of my horse, and give me food and lodging for the night?" I inquired. "We are both exhausted, and can hardly go further before to-morrow."

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

I dismounted and followed the man as he led

my horse into the barn; and having seen him well provided for, we went without an additional syllable into the house. My companion all the while, whether accidentally or designedly, kept the bright side of the lantern constantly turned toward me; and it was not until we entered the apartment containing the fire, that I could fairly obtain a sight of him. Involuntarily turned my gaze upon him before even glancing at the room into which I now entered, impelled by an irresistible curiosity for which I was at a loss to account. He was a man of rather more than the average stature, with a breadth across the shoulders I have never but once seen equalled; indeed, so athletic was his appearance that I saw instantly I was but a babe in comparison of physical strength, although at least two inches his superior in stature. His features were not ill-shaped; if it had not been for a low forehead, he might have been called almost good looking; his complexion, however, was dark, and a profusion of bushy beard rendered the expression of his mouth hardly visible. I was just turning my eyes from his face to observe the aspect of my new quarters, when for a second his glance met mine; it was instantaneously averted, but a thrill of horror, loathing and dismay shot through my frame like an agonizing electrical shock. It was a rather small, black eye the other being sightless and nearly shut, which had thus powerfully affected me; in its horrible glitter seemed to lurk the concentrated quintessence of devilish malignity. No words can describe the convulsive recoil with which I shrank from that glimpse into the depths of his soul; it was as if the earth had yawned beneath my feet, and in the blackness of the gloomy abyss I had half desecrated the deeper blackness, vast and ill-defined, of the prince of evil. With an immense effort of will, however, I shook off the influence of the man, and directed my attention to the objects that surrounded me. The room was not large, and was roughly plastered, although dingy and dirty. At one end was a rude attempt at a bar, formed out of unplanned boards; and behind this sat a woman of about thirty, with a wild expression of despair on her face; not impulsive and ungovernable, but graven in sharp lines on every feature, as if it were the sculptured countenance of a condemned criminal. On one side of the fireplace sat a man with his legs up against the side of the room, looking moodily into the fire, and smoking a clay pipe, black as the chimney-back; he did not raise his eyes once towards me. On the other side sat a dog on his hind legs, a rough, nondescript-looking animal, with a sullen yet honest stare in his

eye, as he surveyed me, growling low all the while. The furniture of the room was of the rudest kind, consisting of a few chairs and a table, on which lay a large jack-knife, and a piece of plug tobacco; one tallow candle stood near by, with a long smoky wick.

I took a chair and sat down by the fire, and asked if they could give me any supper. The woman arose, and without saying a word, set on the table from behind the bar, a half eaten leg of ham, a loaf of bread, and a jug of milk, and then resumed her seat in silence. My conductor sat down near the fire, with his face half turned away from me, and lighting a pipe, puffed away, likewise in silence. My nerves are none of the most susceptible, but by this time the gloom of the party had thoroughly infected me, and my feelings were not to be envied, as I heartily wished the morrow were come. The one-eyed man rose at last, and went to the bar.

"Well?" said the woman, coldly.

"Brandy," was the reply.

"You've had enough, already," she retorted, bitterly.

"You lie," he answered, with a fierce oath, "I've got to stick the hog early in the morning, and I want some more."

"You'd rather stick the hog than kill a chicken, any day," exclaimed the woman, passionately, "I hate you, you brute."

"You do, do you?" sneered he. "Give me the bottle, or I'll break it over your head."

"Take it yourself," groaned she, leaving the bar, "I wish you were dead, and me too."

The man took the bottle and drank a long draught from it, casting at the same time a menacing look towards the woman, and shaking his head at her threateningly. The woman shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. I could not stand it any longer, and abruptly asked to be shown to my chamber.

The man, taking up a candle, motioned me to follow him, when the dog, which had been quiet before, evinced signs of great uneasiness, and, after trying to arrest my notice by a series of hybrid noises, halfway between a bark and a whine, seized hold of my pantaloons, and held me fast.

"Curse the dog," muttered the man, with an awful oath, under his breath, and adding, "Don't mind the cur," he dealt the poor animal such a kick with his heavy boot as sent him flying across the room with a yelp of pain.

Without further delay he conducted me up a narrow flight of stairs into a room containing a tolerably decent bed, a washstand, table, and a couple of chairs. Setting the candle down, he

left the room and went down stairs. No sooner had the door closed behind him, than I noiselessly bolted it, and placed all the available furniture in the room against it, which operations considerably alleviated the uneasiness of my mind. As I turned towards the table to examine my pistols, I was startled at seeing in a cheap looking-glass which rested against the wall, the reflection of the end of my money belt, just visible between my waistcoat and my pantaloons. I commonly wore this next my body, but on this morning I had accidentally forgotten it till nearly dressed, and had therefore strapped it around me hastily, as I had little time to spare. I recollected with no slight disquietude the opportunity of observing this which had been afforded by the dark lantern; and the enigmatical remark of the woman, the diabolical look of my host, and the suspicious behaviour of the dog, simultaneously recurred to my mind, and contributed greatly to increase this disquietude. My first impulse was not to go to bed at all; but my second was to apostrophize myself under the title of "infernal fool," and, following the line of conduct implied, although hardly expressed, in this remark, I took off my clothes, and plunged into bed.

The wild moanings of the wind kept me listening for a while to their gusty music, and enhanced the feeling of awe which I strove in vain to banish from my breast. After an hour or two, however, as every thing seemed perfectly still, the fatigue of my journey gained the mastery of all anxiety, and I fell into a state akin to sleep, but distinguished from it by my retaining a consciousness of where I was and how I was circumstanced. I was powerless to move or act, but I seemed gifted with an almost supernatural acuteness of mental activity, by which I took cognizance of the least noise or disturbance. In this abnormal condition I appeared to remain tranquil for a long time, seeing and hearing altogether independently of physical organs of sense, when I became aware in my dream—for it was only an unusual kind of dream—of a scratching noise just outside my chamber window, which was near the head of the bed. This grew louder and louder, until, bursting the spell of inaction which had hitherto bound me hand and foot, I appeared to leap up and rush to the window. All without was hidden in inky blackness, and the candle I had left burning on the table was flickering in its socket, evidently about to expire. With a great effort I flung up the casement, and peered eagerly into the gloom, but I could discern nothing; and as I was on the point of closing the window again, for the wind was high, and sent a

shiver all over my frame, a large object brushed against my hands, and leaped into the room. I started back, and giving a hurried glance round the chamber, saw by the latest flicker of the dying candle, the form of the strange-looking dog. I had seen down stairs, sitting on the bed bolt upright, and staring at me. The next instant I was in utter darkness.

For some moments, I hardly knew how long, I stood motionless, while a crowd of conflicting emotions swept across my mind; but soon recovering myself, I luckily remembered there was plenty of matches in my cigar case; toward my coat pocket therefore I groped my way, and securing them, struck one of them. What was my joy to see standing on the wooden mantel-piece a second candle, half burned, but still able to give light for a couple of hours, at least? This was speedily kindled, and then, turning towards the dog, I approached the bed. The animal seemed to have no ill-natured designs, but as I drew nearer, turned his nose upward, and gave a low growl, and finding I did not heed his pantomime, but stretched out my hands to seize him, he repeated the action, and took every possible means to direct my attention to the ceiling. Without understanding his desire at the time, I involuntarily glanced upward, and conceive my horror at seeing directly over the head of my bed, the faint but distinct outlines of a large trap-door.

My frozen blood had hardly begun to tingle along my veins once more, when my eyes, firmly rivetted on this mysterious object, plainly perceived it tremble, and commence slowly to open. The dog observed this likewise, and uttering a loud howl, sprang from the bed and out of the still open window. The door, nevertheless, ascended gradually, and just as a furious gust of wind swept by, and with one of its eddies extinguished the candle, a large, heavy something fell with a crash upon the bed. With a gasp and a cry of suffocation, I started, and opening my eyes, discovered I had been dreaming; and the sense of bewilderment accompanying my waking did not prevent a feeling of intense relief.

At first I could not recollect where I was, and fancied I must be at home; but a few seconds sufficed to dispel the illusion. Casting my eyes round in an effort to identify myself and ascertain my position, I saw the candle on the table flaring up every now and then in a desperate struggle for existence. Hastily glancing at the mantel, I saw another candle, half burned, which I had not noticed when I went to bed. I was now thoroughly aroused, and with a foreboding apprehension, looked up at the ceiling, and, O

heaven, in the dimness of the light I saw the regular figure of a rectangle traced upon the plastering directly above me. Every muscle of my whole body was paralysed by this discovery, and a weight seemed to lie with crushing force upon my chest; and with a spirit now completely overcome by superstitious terror, I lay attempting to summon sufficient resolution to arise, and examine the chamber more closely, when—hark, could it be?—yes—no—yes, there was, unmistakably, a faint sound outside my window, resembling the noise of a dog's claws against the wall. It grew more and more distinct, accompanied at intervals with a low whining, and an occasional short, sharp yelp. No sooner had I become convinced that this was really the case, than my self-possession returned; I got up, put on my clothes, took one pistol in my hand, leaving the other under my pillow, and walked resolutely towards the window.

My candle had become extinguished by this time, and as I looked out into the black abyss of night, I saw that the clouds, dashed here and there with spots of silver, were breaking up, and that before long the moon would appear. I threw open the window, and at once, as if borne by the gust of wind which rushed into the apartment, in leaped the black dog which seemed so mysteriously connected with this singular adventure of mine. I was now completely my own master; by a vigorous effort of the will I quelled the shadowy fears which besieged my heart, and looked out with straining eyes to discern, if possible, the means by which the dog could thus make his appearance outside a second story window. A transient moonbeam showed me one of the numerous outbuildings before mentioned, at right angles with the wall of the house, and from the eaves of this all along the side of the house extended a narrow plank, about five inches wide. A thick black cloud obscuring the moon again, precluded further observation, and I turned from the window.

I felt confident that my cigar case was empty of matches, but, to test the accuracy of my dream, I felt for it, opened it, and discovered at least twenty. I struck a light, and, as I expected, there was the dog upon the bed, in the very attitude of the vision. All doubt now vanished from my mind that I had been mysteriously warned of intended foul play of some nature, and I stood a moment revolving in my mind the best course of action. This I speedily decided on. Going up to the dog, I caressed him, and was on the point of carrying him to the window, when—to make my dream more exact a prophecy—he turned his nose towards the ceiling, and

commenced whining very low. I instantly seized him, and hurled him out of the window, with some little compunctions at thus treating my only friend in the accursed house, but I could make no delay.

Laying some clothes on the bed in the form of a man, as nearly as possible, and extinguishing the candle, I retired to the farthest corner of the room, and, sitting down in one of the chairs I had placed against the door, with my revolver in my hand, determined to await the issue of events. For half an hour I sat perfectly still, listening to every whistle and sigh of the wind, which blew intermittently through the window I had left open, and straining my eyes, whenever there was a gleam of light, to discern whether there was any movement in the trap-door. At last, when a momentary ray shone in, I saw it partly open, and now I anxiously waited in silence and darkness for the next development of this awful mystery. Presently I heard a low creaking, as of ropes, then a tremendous crash, the report of a pistol, the sound of heavy feet overhead, and the fall of some dull, yielding body outside the window. The pause which followed these almost simultaneous noises, was broken by low groans of pain from the ground beneath my window, and the general murmur of a great disturbance in the lower part of the house. I hastily re-lit the candle, and going to the bed, found a vast stone had been dropped upon the pillow where my head had previously lain. Suddenly remembering the pistol I had left beneath the pillow, with the exertion of my utmost strength I rolled off the massive stone, and found the pistol discharged.

Instantly the truth flashed across my mind. I rushed to the window, and looking down, saw the woman, and the man I had noticed in the bar-room the night before, bending with torches in their hands over the prostrate body of my host, who was evidently in the agonies of death. The ruffian had been waiting on the outside of the window until the accomplice had performed his hellish work, in order to rob my mangled corpse of the money he knew I had in my possession; and the pistol being accidentally discharged by the fall of the stone, the ball had pierced his brain, entering through the evil eye which had given me such a thrill of horror.

At the discovery of this hideous plot, and the awful retribution with which Divine Justice had punished its author, my senses threatened to desert me; but, reflecting that in such a house I could hardly be safe, no sooner had they carried the dying man within, than I clambered down outside, took my horse from the stable, and

mounted him unobserved. As I passed the house, however, and looked back at the room I had so recently occupied, and which had so nearly been the scene of a far different tragedy, I saw lights in the window. The sound of my horse's hoofs drew the attention of the man within, who had ascended to see what had become of me, and to ascertain the cause of his comrade's death; and instantly levelling a rifle at me, he fired. As I was looking at him at the very moment, I anticipated his action by clapping spurs to my horse, thereby somewhat disconcerting his aim, and in all probability saving my own life, for the ball grazed my shoulder, causing a scar which remains to this day. Ten long miles had my good horse to gallop before I reached the nearest justice of the peace, and returning as speedily as possible, we found our birds flown, and the house half burned to the ground.

No information in regard to them could be obtained, except that they had lived in this habitation about two years, and had been shunned and feared by the settlers of the neighborhood. The conflagration of the house was arrested, but nothing was discovered, throwing any light on the matter. The body of the foiled murderer was taken, charred, and scarcely recognizable, from the ashes of his dwelling, where he had apparently been flung by his associates as the quickest mode of burying him. Having ascertained the futility of further investigation, at least for the present, we rode away; and passing through an adjacent wood, the dog which had played so strange a part in this most strange drama, made his appearance suddenly on our left, and followed our horses to the village of R—. In gratitude for his efforts to preserve me from destruction, I henceforward shared my own home with my unwelcome monitor.

FLAXEN RINGLETS.

Poets have often sung in raptures of blue-eyed, laughing, flax-haired girls, but George Speight, of London, a thoroughly practical man, understands things better than those dreaming rhymesters who make sonnets to their sweethearts. He has just taken out a patent for making plaits and curls for head-dresses and other head ornaments, and employs Russian or American hemp, dyed to the exact shade desired, and glossed up with aromatic grease, and curled to adorn the head of some happy fair one, either with flowing auburn or raven locks, as may be desired. When it is taken into consideration that long brown hair, for making ladies' artificial curls, costs from \$10 to \$12 per pound, Mr. Speight may be considered a sort of benefactor to all those individuals deficient in natural cranial ornamentation, although we think his invention will spite the girls in Normandy, who cultivate their hair expressly for our wig-makers.—*Scientific American*.

A CEYLON JUGGLER.

As this was one of the idle seasons of the year, during which labor is suspended while waiting for the rains of the monsoon, ere re-commencing the sowing of rice, the Kandyaans were lounging about their villages, or gathered in groups by the roadside, engaged in listless and sedentary amusements. In one place, a crowd was collected to watch the feats of a juggler, who, to our surprise, commenced his performance by jumping up on to a pole, and placing his feet upon a cross bar six feet from the ground. On this he coursed along by prodigious leaps, and returning to the audience, steadied himself on his perch, and then opened his exhibition. This consisted of endless efforts of legerdemain: catching pebbles from his confederate below, which, upon opening his closed hand, flew away as birds; breaking an egg shell, and allowing a small serpent to escape from it; and keeping a series of brass balls in motion by striking them with his elbows, as well as his hands. Balancing on his nose a small stick with an inverted cup at top, from which twelve perforated balls were suspended by silken cords, he placed twelve ivory rods in his mouth, and so guided them by his lips and tongue as to insert the end of each in a corresponding aperture in the ball, till the whole twelve were sustained by the rods, and the central support taken away. This and endless other tricks he performed, balancing himself all the while on the single pole on which he stood. He took a ball of granite, six or seven inches in diameter, and probably fourteen pounds weight, and, standing with his arms extended in line, he rolled it from the wrist of one hand across his shoulders to the wrist of the other, backward and forward repeatedly, apparently less by raising his arms than by a vigorous effort of the muscles of his back; then seizing it in both hands, he flung it repeatedly twenty feet high, and, watching it in its descent till within a few inches of his skull, he bent forward his head, and caught the ball each time between his shoulders; then, bounding along the road, still mounted on his pole, he closed his performance amid the smiles of the audience—*From Sir J. Emerson Tennent's Ceylon*.

HABITS OF THE MARMOSET.

When properly tamed, the marmoset will come and sit on its owner's hand, its little paws clinging tightly to his fingers, and its tail coiled over his hand, or wrist. Or it will clamber up his arm and sit on his shoulders, or if chilly, hide itself beneath his coat, or even creep into a convenient pocket. The marmoset has a strange liking for hair, and is fond of playing with the locks of its owner. One of these little creatures, which was the property of a gentleman adorned with a large bushy beard, was wont to creep to its master's face, and to nestle among the masses of beard which decorated his chin. Another marmoset, which belonged to a lady, and which was liable to the little petulances of its race, used to vent its anger by nibbling the end of her ringlets. If the hair were bound round her head, the curious little animal would draw a tress down, and bite its extremity, as if it were trying to eat the hair by degrees. The same individual was possessed of an accomplishment which is almost unknown among these little monkeys—namely, standing on his head.—*Wood's Illustrated Natural History*.